MARTYRS OF SUBURBIA

By FRANK FILSON.

(Copyright, 1914, by W. G. Chapman.)

Young Mrs. Raleigh cast a furtive look after her husband as he disappeared at a run round the corner of the lane. Then she sank down into a chair and had a good cry.

They had been married a month, and were in full possession of their suburban home.

"When we are married, dear, we will live in the country," her husband had said to her. "No noisy, grimy city streets for us."

"Yes, dear," Dora had answered. "And we will have chickens and rose-trees—"

Of course, it was possible to procure help from town—not locally, since all the girls drifted into the factory, five miles away, by the screech of whose whistle the Raleighs set their watches. But maids would not stay; they generally set down their bags, sniffed, and took their departure. So young Mrs. Raleigh did her own cooking and sweeping.

The chickens died of the pip, except three, which died of the gapes, and one, a rooster, which Dora had subsequently seen in the backyard of Henry Foulkes, the colored man who tried to make the vegetables grow.

The electric light bill was twice as high as they had calculated, and gas seemed to cost a dollar a cubic foot.

No wonder Mrs. Raleigh had a good cry before she started seeding the grit out of the local grocer's seeded raisins!

The hardest thing was to put on an expression of cheerfulness when Henry came home. That night she dried her eyes and practiced a welcome smile until she could do no better. Then she sat under the honeysuckle with her garden hat on, which was the way her husband liked to see her.

When at last she saw him coming up the lane she was surprised at his dejected look. And there was no doubt about it—Henry positively slouched!

The minute he came within a stone's throw of the front door the slouch disappeared. He appeared spry and springy. He positively reeked with enthusiasm.

"And how have things been going, dearest?" he inquired.

"Finely, dearest," answered Mrs. Raleigh. "There is a chance of getting a maid next week, too. Uncle John writes from New York that he is thinking of sending his wife's maid into the country to regain her strength. She has been somewhat run down, you know. Only there's something wrong with the furnace, dear. It won't draw any more."

"It never did draw," said her husband, ruefully. "I guess it's the coal."

"So I had to get a cold supper," his wife concluded.

They ate their dinner in silence. An evil thought was growing rapidly inside Mrs. Dora's pretty head and she fought it back for all she was worth.

After dinner they crouched over the cheerful oil stove and stretched out their hands to the blaze.

"Dora," said her husband, rather shamefacedly, "I had lunch with Griggson today in his new apartment on Riverside drive. He has the cutest little place imaginable and no trouble with the things that bother us—heating and lighting. He laughed at me for a country jay. Naturally he doesn't understand. If he could come home and see you under the honeysuckle—"

"It will be fine when it blooms, won't it, dear?"

"And the clematis has positively grown. I measured it yesterday, and it is an inch longer than when we set it in. Well, as I was saying, those poor city fellows don't know what life means. They think it consists of going to theaters—"

"Yes, and having lobster suppers afterward," said Dora Raleigh scornfully.

"And taking taxicabs and seeing the cheerful—I mean cheerless lights of the city. And having a lot of noisy people round in the evenings instead of enjoying the calm and quiet of the country."

"And—and going out to supper when they feel like it, and—and seeing the picture galleries, and the park, and—and musical evenings—" said Dora, hysterically.

"And not having to run for trains in the morning," her hsuband continued. "They don't get the benefit of the fresh country air. They don't half live. What with their entertainments and late hours and friends always dropping in and—"

"Henry! Don't!" screamed Mrs. Dora Raleigh, bursting into hysterical tears.

"Dearest! What is it?" demanded her husband, holding her in his arms, while a wild light of incredulous hope came into his eyes.

"I tried not to—tell you, but I just hate the old country," sobbed Dora Raleigh. "I—want—to—get—back to town! There!"

"So do I, Dora," whispered her husband into her ear. "I only came here to please you."

"To please me, Henry? Why, I came here to please you."

"I bet you don't hate it as much as I do," answered Henry Raleigh. "Why, I'm just pining for a lobster supper now."

"Well, we'll have one when this month is up," answered Dora.

"No we won't," shouted her husband. "I mean, yes we will, but—listen, Dora!—we'll have one in town tonight also."

Superior Fortune.

"Isn't that hotel clerk a trifle supercilious?" "Why shouldn't he be? He is permitted to remain in this hotel indefinitely. He is no mere transitory guest."

Hard on the Young Folks.

"So you want four incandescent lights installed in the front parlor?" said the electric light man. "Yes," replied Mr. Grouch, who objects to his daughter's callers, "and I want you to remove those little thumb-snaps so they can't be turned off."

HER MAJESTY'S FUND

By HARMONY WELLER.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Elaine looked long and wistfully at the beautiful ring lying in the palm of her hand. She had promised faithfully that should anything happen to her soldier boy who had gone to the front she would take off his ring and dispose of it.

"It will only be a constant reminder of me," he told her at parting, "and if the battlefield claims me you will forget me the quicker without that ring."

And Elaine had wept, as nearly all of the women in England had wept, when the regiments had gone off with pipe and drum playing. Jimmy Thorpe belonged to the famous Black Watch.

Elaine found her home cheerless and decided upon a trip to New York. America at least was neutral, and there was little danger of bombs and spies to further the wreck of her already ragged nerves.

Two days after Elaine had sailed for neutral lands Ethel Davis was walking down Oxford street. She stopped interestedly in front of a window that displayed an odd assortment of jewelry, embroidery, paintings, Indian relics and historical gems of all kinds. These were being sold for the queen's fund, and many a treasure had been sent when perhaps the sender had not even a shilling to offer.

Ethel gazed longingly at some of the jewelry. It was one of her hobbies to collect odd bits of adornment She knew that she would be helping to augment the queen's fund should she see anything in that assortment that lured her into purchasing it.

When Ethel caught sight of the beautiful ring that formed an E, her own initial, she was lost. Never had she seen a ring so completely desirable as that one with her birthstone set in to form her letter. Opals and diamonds clustered with exquisite charm made a most lovely ring.

Ethel went into the shop. When she emerged her slim figure felt warm and very much delighted with itself. The new ring was wonderfully dainty on her hand and seemed made to adorn its new owner.

A few days later she motored down to Brighton. Ethel was in the habit of driving down in her luxurious car and taking wounded soldier boys for long, bracing drives.

The day that Jimmy Thorpe was lifted into the seat beside her was a most exciting one for Ethel. She gazed sorrowfully at the kilty, who seemed to be all bandages, and tucked the rugs about him with her own slim hands.

"They are supposed to have done for me now," he confided, as they whirled away from the hospital. "I was reported as having been killed. My mother fainted when she found out I was still in the land of the living. Nice reception that, wasn't it?"

Ethel smiled as she listened to Jimmy's loquacious tongue that had sufficient of the Scotch in it to charm her American ear.

"My girl, too, believes me dead," he continued, "and I cannot communicate with her even now. Awful blow it will be to her."

Ethel realized suddenly what a really fearful blow it would be to any girl to lose a Jimmy Thorpe. She was so thoroughly annoyed at herself for blushing that she determined to put down her chiffon veil and hide herself away from his keen blue eyes. During the process of adjusting the veil those same eyes caught sight of the ring he had given Elaine and he drew a swift breath. He was indeed numbered among the ghosts.

"Tell me," he questioned quickly, "just how you came by that ring—it is the one I had made for my fiancee, Elaine Harris."

When Ethel had told him the whole story she flashed an indignant glance at Jimmy.

"I don't see how any girl could bring herself to give away a ring—under those circumstances!"

"She was only keeping her word to me," Jimmy said quietly.

"You could not have made me promise," Ethel told him with laughter in her eyes, "because if I hadn't loved you I most certainly would have loved the ring. Strange that it should be my birthstone and initial—isn't it?"

"Not so very strange," Jimmy said, "when you think of the future—is it?"

"Perhaps not," she said.

Academy of Birds.

On a little house in London appears the interesting sign, "Academy for Birds," and from the open windows in summer comes a most amazing volume of bird-song. The "professor" is not at all particular as to the breed or value of the pupils offered. Any song-bird is eligible; terms, 50 cents for the course. The "academy" guarantees that each pupil shall leave the establishment fully proficient to render three airs without omission and in correct time.

The method of instruction is very simple, and is said to be remarkably successful. There are three rooms, in each of which is a phonograph which plays a single air. A new bird has his cage hung in room No. 1 until he has learned to sing correctly the constantly-repeated air, and is then transferred to the second, and in time to the third room. The professors are hopeful that some day it may be possible to teach Strauss to a parrot or a Beethoven sonata to a starling.

German Labor Statistics.

Women employed in the textile industries in Germany are in a majority over the men, there being 400,000 females as against 371,000 men. In the clothing industry the women outnumber the men, with 228,000 to 97,000.

Dull.

"That was a horrible custom they used to have in India of killing all a man's wives when he died." "I should say so. Just think how stupid Indian society must have been without any widows."

POLLY PERKINS

By CATHERINE COOPE.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

No one would have stigmatized Polly Perkins as being insane. Eccentric, mentally unbalanced, she certainly was and another couple of years might possible see her comfortably ensconsed in a home for incurables. For the present she was happily if whimsically domiciled in a tiny cottage on Long Island. Miss Polly's mental state was the cause of rude jests from village children and one of amused interest to older minds. Week-end guests were sure to be taken past the abode of Polly Perkins just as they were invariably regaled by the story of the haunted house on the old farm road.

"She's dippy on the subject of pink," said Jimmy Rogers as he strolled past Miss Perkins' cottage with Bob Hawthorne after a swim in the Sound.

"I wouldn't have believed it," laughed Hawthorne as he eyed with amused glance the pink-painted cottage, the pink flower gardens, pink gate posts and outbuildings. "I suppose she has pink bows on all the live stock," he commented.

"She surely has," chuckled Jimmy, "every living chicken in the barnyard has a pink bow on his neck."

It was not until a few days later that Hawthorne, lolling in Jimmy Rogers' hammock, looked up to see a lone chicken clucking away and pecking contentedly for vermin in Rogers' well-kept lawn. The chicken had a more or less bedraggled pink bow on its neck that sadly interfered at times with the capturing of dainties from the soft sod.

And because Bob Hawthorne was a trifle bored with his own society and more or les curious regarding the eccentric Miss Perkins, he decided to make a martyr of himself and take the straying bird home.

He had little difficulty in catching the chicken. Evidently Miss Perkins' hens were more in the nature of pets than table delicacies.

After a few moments of reconnoitering he discovered that a wing of Miss Perkins' property practically adjoined that of Jimmy Rogers. He climbed the latter's fence and found himself facing the back of a pink chicken coop. A sharp turn around the fence brought him into the awkward position of having tripped over a pink-clad figure. She was lying flat upon her back in the tall grasses.

"You've no right to be snoring in that wet grass," he said.

"I was not snoring, and the grass is as dry as a bone," the girl said with asperity. She had arisen to a sitting posture and was endeavoring to coax back the frightened chicken. "I don't know why—all men think that every place of grass in the universe is continually wet."

She had got the chicken back by continued coaxing, the while she was addressing her remarks to Hawthorne.

"Are you Miss Polly Perkins?" he asked, when her wide-open eyes again roamed toward his face.

"Yes, I am," she said. "Is there anything else you would like to know, Rude Person?" she inquired. "You know," she continued, "I am not the Miss Polly Perkins you think I am. I am her niece." With that she turned swiftly on her heels and left Bob Hawthorne standing beside the pink chicken coop.

"You know," she confided to him two nights later when they left the club house after a most delightful tango evening, "I have a dreadful confession to make." Since Bob's eyes were anything but fear inspiring, Polly continued: "I saw you sneaking down to Aunt Polly's chicken coop and deliberately put that bird over the fence so that you might see it."

"Are you engaged?" asked Bob bluntly.

"No—Rude Person," laughed Polly.

"Then prepare for the worst soon," said Bob, possessing himself of the slim fingers that he had watched jealously caressing the pink-bowed chicken.

"For the best," contradicted Polly softly.

The Futurist Painter.

Painting to the Futurist is no pretty and soothing art to be hung in a room and discussed at discreet dinner parties. Like all Futurist work, it is inspired by adventure and discovery. It is a violent stimulant, to be taken only now and then, deadly as whisky, if too often repeated; but never an opiate, never narcotic with sleep. The Futurist destroys everything soft, gracious, effeminate, subdued and moribund. He works with brilliant colors and sharp angles. He strives to find plastic equivalents for all appearances of our actual life—its noises, smells, music halls, factories, trains and harbors. He tells us that noises and smells may be in form concave or convex, triangular, elliptical, oblong, conical, spherical, spiral; and as for their color, he says the smell of machinery and sport, for instance, is nearly always red; the smell of restaurants and cafes is silvery, yellow or violet; the smell of animals yellow or blue. Let us not laugh too soon. Noises and smells are only states of mind, and we talk of jealousy (which is a state of mind) as green or green-eyed; in anger we say we "see red;" in melancholy we "have the blues."—Atlantic Monthly.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Liver Regulates the Body. A Sluggish Liver Needs Care

Someone has said that people with Chronic Liver Complaint should be shut up away from humanity, for they are pessimists and see through a "glass darkly." Why? Because mental states depend upon physical states. Biliousness, Headaches, Dizziness and Constipation disappear after using Dr. King's New Life Pills. 25c. at your Druggist.

Echoes from Fort Pickens

Fort Pickens Happenings Always Interest Our Readers.

After reading of so many people in our town who have been cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, the question naturally arises: "Is this medicine equally successful in our neighboring towns?" The generous statement of this Fort Pickens resident leaves no room for doubt on this point.

J. L. Clark, jeweler and repairing shop, Main St., Abbeville, says:

"I believe standing too much weakened my kidneys. I had a steady, dull pain across the small of my back and many nights I couldn't get a wink of sleep; I kept twisting and turning from one side to the other. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and were scanty and painful. I had bad dizzy spells and almost toppled over if I didn't take hold of a chair for support. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Clark had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Stop that Cough—Now

When you catch Cold, or begin to Cough, the first thing to do is to take Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It penetrates the linings of the Throat and Lungs and fights the Germs of the Disease, giving quick relief and natural healing. "Our whole family depend on Pine-Tar-Honey for Coughs and Colds," writes Mr. E. Williams, Hamilton, Ohio. It always helps. 25c. at your Druggist.

A Fine Remedy For Biliousness and Constipation

People all through this section are buying LIV-VER-LAX because it is a preparation of real merit. It is a vegetable remedy that acts naturally and effectively, thoroughly cleansing the liver and bowels. It is easy to take and has none of the dangerous and bad after effects of calomel. LIV-VER-LAX will get you right, keep you right and save you doctor's bills. Sold in 50c and $1 bottles under an absolute guarantee. Every bottle bears the likeness of L. K. Grigsby. For sale by any druggist.

STOMACH SUFFERERS

Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy is Recommended and Praised by Thousands Who Have Been Restored

"I was a sick man for about three months caused from Gall Stones of the Liver and was told by three of our most prominent physicians that I would have to submit to an operation to get relief, but heard of your Wonderful Stomach Remedy and secured a full treatment and took it according to directions and passed hundreds of Gall Stones. Since taking your medicine I work regularly and don't feel any ill effects. I am praising your Remedy to all my friends. I think it's worthy of the highest praise. B. L. DOOLEY Roanoke, Va."

Sufferers of Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments are not asked to take Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy for weeks and months before they feel benefited. Just try one dose—which should make you feel better in health, convince you that you will soon be well and strong, free you from pain and suffering and give you a sound and healthy Stomach, as it has done in thousands of other cases. Wherever it is taken you will hear nothing but the highest praise. Go to your druggist—ask him about the great results it has been accomplishing in cases of people he knows or send to Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, 154-156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill., for a free book on Stomach Ailments and many grateful letters from people who have been restored.

For Sale by all Druggists

Free Flower Seed. Hastings' Catalogue Tells You About It

If you are engaged in farming, or if you plant only vegetables or flowers, you cannot afford to be without the big catalogue published fresh and new every year by the great Southern seed house, H. G. Hastings & Company, of Atlanta, Ga., and sent absolutely free, postage paid, to all who write for it, mentioning the name of this newspaper.

In this catalogue we tell you of a splendid offer of free flower seed to all our customers, five magnificent varieties that mean beauty about your home and a pleasure to wives and daughters that nothing else can give.

This catalogue tells you, too, about our big cash prize offer to the Corn Club boys of your state. It tells all about our fine yielding varieties of corn and cotton—the kind we grow on our own 3,200 acre farm. It tells about the best seeds of all kinds for planting in the South. It should be in every Southern home. Write today and let us send it to you.—H. G. HASTINGS & CO., Atlanta, Ga.—Advt.

Colds are Often Most Serious. Stop Possible Complications

The disregard of a Cold has often brought many a regret. The fact of Sneezing, Coughing, or a Fever should be warning enough that your system needs immediate attention. Certainly Loss of Sleep is most serieus. It is a warning given by Nature. It is man's duty to himself to assist by doing his part. Dr. King's New Discovery is based on a scientific analysis of Colds 50c. at your Druggist. Buy a bottle today.

Culture.

Taking culture in the individual as meaning a development of all the faculties it follows that the most cultured nation is that in which there is the greatest number of all round men. And if this be true, we must at once realize how hopeless is the task of attempting to estimate the extent of culture in various nations.

WAR IS DECLARED

THE BUILDING and LOAN ASSOC-ATION of ABBEVILLE has declar-ed war on hard times and offers you a chance to free yourself from worry and poverty by taking stock with us in the NEW SERIES to be opened JANUARY 20, 1915.

THE PERSON who puts aside even a small amount each month will soon have a nice sum to protect him on a rainy day.

JOIN THE SAVERS--Take stock with us

BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION of ABBEVILLE

G. A. NEUFFER, President. J. S. MORSE, Sec. and Treas.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

YOU need a good, warm room to shave and dress in. A Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater will warm any ordinary room in a few minutes.

The Perfection is easily portable; you can take it to sitting-room, cellar or attic—any room where extra heat is needed—and it is specially convenient in very cold weather.

The Perfection is economical, too—it burns only when you need it. No coal, no kindling; no dirt, no ashes. Good-looking; easy to clean and rewick; odorless and smokeless.

DRESS *in* COMFORT

For sale at hardware and general stores. Look for the Triangle trademark.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(NEW JERSEY)

BALTIMORE

Washington, D. C. Norfolk, Va. Richmond, Va.

Charlotte, N. C. Charleston, W. Va. Charleston, S. C.

Plague Caused by Flag.

In the year 1902 the Russian city of Odessa was visited by bubonic plague. This raged for five months and killed 3,000 people. Its origin was traced to an Austrian flag which was hoisted over the grave of an Austrian seaman who had died at sea and had been buried in the cemetery. After the funeral the flag was carried in turn by two seamen who afterward entered various public places, laying the flag down as they stopped to drink. Shortly afterward both these men fell ill and died, and people were taken ill in all the houses they had entered.

Armageddon.

Literally Armageddon means "hill of Migeddo." Figuratively the word means the place of the great battle, wherever it may be—the scene of the struggle of good and evil. There was never any actual battle of Armageddon.

Tests Depths by Bomb.

For measuring sea depths a Massachusetts doctor has invented a dynamite bomb which explodes on striking the bottom, the distance being estimated by measuring the time it takes the sound to reach the surface of the water.

Saying "Yes" and ...

To say "Yes," bravely ... to duty and to opportunity ... step in victorious living ... "No," firmly and conscientiously ... "every appearance of evil" is the ... stroke in true self-defense.—C. A. ... Kay.

All the Difference.

The little thefts and petty mischie... are interrupted by the laws; yet ... mischief becomes public ... acted by princes and ... ies, and robberies ... fleets, it is virtue, it ... Taylor.